

The Bill Collector's Wife

-How'd it go?

-It went.

-Ah the usual gaiety then! But, pray tell, any highlights?

-Got a sobbing grandmother on a gouging pay plan.

-A service! Like doctor, priest, teacher! She was underwater then?

-House, car, everything.

-I was...being witty.

-Wave a red flag. My brain is fried.

-And is she still heaving?

-Without doubt.

-Buck up, Macduff! Pays our bills. Thus no obnoxious prick calls us.

-I'm the bulldog face of American Pig Capitalism!

-Halt! Before you mix another metaphor! Or wave the real red flag!

-Too hammered down to be Socialist rebel.

-I wonder if most of them are ditzy utopians, or have choked overmuch on plutocratic gorge.

-I don't need theory. I need a decent job among decent people.

-Rarer and rarer. Way the bosses prefer it.

-Well, now some cheap incendiary booze and letting the TV paint my face.

-Oh joy!

-I used to be a man!

-Miss that part.